





















When living dwell among those halls,  
Near fifty years ago,  
Among those ivy-circled walls  
And gentle alleys, all  
Facing in sweet reverie at night,  
And o'er ramparts with longing gaze,  
To watch the moonbeams in their flight  
Around the tower's base,  
When times of sweet contentment to his soul  
In those days of dreamy slumbers,  
His inspirations on his parchment roll  
He wrote down men with poetic numbers.  
His words of nature's beauty rare,  
Overflowing casquets, heavenly wrought—  
Jeweled envoys, sparkling, rare,  
With sweet, inspired thought,  
That place has little changed since then;  
No moonlight beauty yet is seen—  
The soft and mellow richness of each atom—  
As if in enchantment or a delusive dream.  
So now we sit alone, and ponder on the old  
And wonder how the moonlight came,  
Beneath the liquid, tinted gold  
That with other scenes compete.  
We pass along the colonnade  
And harken to the sound of the moon,  
Of some lone lover's serenade,  
Floating sweet, profound,  
And leaning over the parapet,  
That flower-cushioned crown,  
The echo is sweet of the old,  
Where high, gray mountains frown  
Against the starry sky—  
Looking solemn and so lone—  
It seems as if with ecstasy my  
Spirit had flown,  
And o'er the silvery banks of Lindaraja skim  
The sweet exhaling liquid that doth fall,  
And drip like crystal pellets from its brim  
And scintillate with freedom through each garden  
hall.

There were many scenes, so soft, sublime  
And manifold in each hue—  
That showed there is a power divine:  
His hidden hand, with each view,  
That, dropping checkered silver on yon verdant  
tower,  
Bathed Teodor's arches in the gloom,  
Setting with a mellow richness on each bower,  
And from the sound of the old,  
Where high, gray mountains frown  
Against the starry sky—  
Looking solemn and so lone—  
It seems as if with ecstasy my  
Spirit had flown,  
And o'er the silvery banks of Lindaraja skim  
The sweet exhaling liquid that doth fall,  
And drip like crystal pellets from its brim  
And scintillate with freedom through each garden  
hall.

The amber, addended walls of convents in the  
light,  
Still they shad dead beneath Alhambra's walls—  
Along its carry dead, its colonnades, and fill  
With moonlight and with each view,  
To bury in Granada's ground, in Alameda's hill,  
Foster Alhambra still survives;  
Though dead and blind, he spends each day  
In bringing up the past, and then, revived,  
With patriotic strains, the "Fates of the Alham-  
bra."

## GOURAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet  
squares in the vicinity of the town, there  
is a tall, goomy house, with narrow dusty  
windows and a massive double door, that  
still bears a brass plate with the words  
"Gouray Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used  
as an office, but the offices were rarely  
drawn up, the door set swinging back  
to the energetic push of customers, the  
long passage of foot, no hurried footsteps  
and the baggy, the clerk, was to be ap-  
pearance the latest man in London, and  
one came to know his masters.

The Gouray Brothers were never any  
busier than their faithful, old servant—  
never hurried, never hurried or worried;  
never late and never early. Every morn-  
ing at seven o'clock they entered their of-  
fice together, read their letters, glanced  
at the times, and instructions for pos-  
sible callers, and then went to the city.  
They always took the same route; at even-  
ing, they might be seen passing along the  
sunny side of Cannon Street, at a pass-  
ing they entered the same restaurant, and  
sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet  
or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter,  
every working-day for thirty years they  
had gone through the same routine, al-  
ways excepting the month of September,  
when they took their usual holiday.

They were elderly men: John, tall,  
thin, meandoxy-looking, with light  
gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers,  
and a general expression of crankiness per-  
vading his whole face and faultless nose,  
stare. Roger was shorter, rounder, more  
cheerful, and generally warmer in color.  
His pervading hue was brown, keen red-  
dish eyes that must have been merry  
once, crisp Auburn hair that time had not  
quite yet transmuted to silver, a clean-  
shaven ruddy face, and brown James's  
of cents and climes. John was the  
elder, and he looked up to Roger with  
grave respect, consulted him on every  
subject, and never in or out of business,  
took any step without his advice or ap-  
proval. And Roger was no less cere-  
tious without any profession of affection,  
or display of feeling, the Gouray Broth-  
ers dwelt together in the closest friend-  
ship and love; their life was a long har-  
mony, and during all the years of their  
partnership no shadow had fallen be-  
tween them, and their public life was as  
harmonious as their private intercourse.  
In business they were successful; every  
speculation they made prospered, every  
thing they touched turned to gold, and  
as their whole lives were spent in getting,  
and spending, they were beloved, and  
with reason, to be immensely wealthy.

"God, merc, stern, enterprising," men  
called them with an acuteness of vision  
and a steadiness of purpose only to be  
acquired by long and close application to  
business. Dressed in manner, simple  
in their tastes, economical in their habits,  
the Gouray Brothers were the last men  
in the world to be suspected of sentiment,  
their lives the last day to contain even  
the germs of a romance. And yet they  
were not a ways mere business machines;  
the sole end and aim of their existence  
had not always been money. In early  
years they had had brighter dreams,  
nobler ambitions.

At sea, John had distinguished him-  
self, and his brief University career gave  
promise of a brilliant future. Roger had  
been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste  
for music that was almost a passion, and  
a latent little sort of genius. With  
his deep earnestness, intense steadiness  
of purpose and clear, vigorous intellec-  
tional could scarcely have failed to make  
a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a  
born artist, with a restless, lofty ambi-  
tion. Life seemed very bright for the  
brothers; there was nothing to prevent,  
and every thing to assist each in fol-  
lowing his inclination. But in the very  
dawn of their career their father died,  
and they were sudden y reduced from af-  
luence to actual poverty. Nothing re-  
mained from the wreck of a magnificent  
fortune but the other experience that al-  
ways accompanies such reverses. Fine  
friends failed them, flatterers looked  
redly in their distress, those who had  
not frequently paraded their advice  
spatially passed by on the other side.  
Not a friend remained in their adversity  
but one, and she had indeed the will, but  
not the power to help them. The boys  
left college, and turned their thoughts to  
business. It was useless to attempt to  
follow up their professions, with an in-  
valid mother and idolized only sister de-  
pendent on them for support. John se-  
cured a situation as clerk in a city ware-  
house. Roger accepted a desk in the of-  
fice of Bernard Russe, an old friend of  
his father's. They moved to cheap lodg-  
ings, and for several years toiled on

wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in  
their dreary home being the occasional  
visits of Alice Russe to their sister.  
Maude Gouray and Alice had been  
school fellows and friends; they usually  
spent their vacations together, and Alice  
to the misfortune, that had fallen on  
the family as it had over a hundred years.  
But she could do nothing on any day  
lying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit  
and flowers, and write pretty, sym-  
pathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty  
led on Mrs. Gouray's always feeble  
frame, still, for her daughter's sake she  
clung to life with a strange tenacity; but  
when Maude's lover, who had gone to  
Australia to make his fortune, returned,  
not wealthy, but sufficient to so to claim  
his bride in her altered circumstances,  
Mrs. Gouray seemed to have no other  
object to live for. Maude's marriage was  
hastened, and the very day after the cere-  
mony the poor, weary, heart-broken  
mother died. George Leslie took his  
wife back with him to Sydney, and John  
and Roger were left a lone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss  
and loneliness, immediately after their  
mother's death the brothers inherited a  
small fortune. But it was too late for  
John to go back to his studies, too late  
for Roger to return to the piano; they had  
fallen into the groove of business, and  
John, at least, was seized with a feverish  
eagerness to turn his small fortune into a  
large one and become wealthy. So they  
went into business on their own account  
as Gouray Brothers, with the firm resolu-  
tion of retrieving the position their fa-  
ther had lost, and a very few years saw  
them established in Wall Street, and  
fairly on the high road to fortune. Then,  
one quiet summer evening, as they sat  
over their dinner, John opened his heart  
to his brother, and told him of all his  
loves, dreams, and ambitions for the  
future.

You will be surprised, and I trust,  
I eased, to hear, Roger, that I love Alice  
Russe," he said, laying his hand on his  
brother's arm; "I cannot remember the  
time when she was not dearer to me than  
all the world besides. The bitterest part  
of our misfortune was that it separated  
me from her; the only thing that has sus-  
tained me through our long struggle was  
the hope of some day winning her; not-  
withstanding I can ever compensate me for  
the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambi-  
tions. I once dreamed of being famous,  
Roger; for her sake I put that behind  
me, and have grubbed for gold like a  
miner. We, Gouray Brothers, are on the  
high road to fortune; I may aspire to the  
rank of Alice now."

"Surely, John," and the younger bro-  
ther's voice was husky, and his hand shook  
as he took up his glass; "drink to your  
success."

"Thank, brother. I should have told  
you a little before, I should have con-  
fided in you, but I feared troubling you on  
my account; you would have seen a thou-  
sand shadows across my path, you would  
have been more unhappy than I was my-  
self. And now I want you to promise  
that it shall make no difference between  
us. We shall be Gouray Brothers still."

Roger stretched his hand across the  
table, and John gasped in amazement.  
Gouray Brothers, to the end of the chapter,  
old fellow, and may you be as jolly as  
you deserve. God bless you, John."

John's face became a sallow or two  
paler with emotion, and he was up and  
down the room a few times; then he stood  
behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak  
very nervous, but I dare not speak to  
Alice myself. I could not bear a refusal  
from her. I have never even given her  
the most distant hint of my feelings. I  
have not the slightest reason to suppose  
she regards me as other than a mere ac-  
quaintance, at most as Maude's brother.  
Roger, we have always been friends as  
well as brothers—stand by me in this;  
you are less shy and more accustomed to  
women; see Alice for me, ask her to be  
my wife."

"John, you are mad! You do not  
mean it!"

"I do; it is my only chance. Fear  
for my happiness, brother, as I would for  
yours; I am a man of few words, but I  
tell deeply. A refusal from her dis-  
would kill me; I could bear it from you."

"As you will, John, I do my best,"  
and Roger leaned his head on his hand,  
and slanted his face from the light; "I  
can do Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John  
Gouray's life, a bright, warm, happy  
day, that made people, even in the city,  
look glad and cheerful. He went about  
his business as usual, ate his luncheon,  
and walked home leisurely. Roger was  
standing at the window watching for  
him, and he kept his back to him when  
he entered the room.

"Well," John said, gently, "Well, Roger,  
have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced  
round suddenly; "John, old fellow, it's  
no use!"

"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if  
to ward off a blow.

"It's no use," Roger went on, in a hard  
voice; "she does not love you. She loves  
some one else. Be a man, John, and bear  
it, for there's no hope."

One low, stifled groan, and then John  
Gouray wrung his brother's hand and  
walked steadily out of the room. What  
he suffered in the hours that followed no  
one ever knew; and when he appeared at  
the dinner-table he was calm and self-  
possessed, but something and either com-  
ing into his face or gone out of it, that looked  
him. But of the two Roger looked  
the most unhappy. The blow had really  
fallen most heavily on him.

"John, old fellow, we're Gouray Brothers  
now, to the end of the chapter,"  
he said, huskily. "I know you'll never  
marry, and neither will I." And some-  
how John felt that Roger meant what he  
said.

Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter  
of a century of changes and chances, and  
still the Gouray Brothers held the even  
tenor of their way. They were rich be-  
yond their wishes or desires, and not a  
together unhappy in their solitary friend-  
ship. Alice Russe seemed to have criti-  
cally completely out of their lives; her  
name was never mentioned, and whether  
she was married, or dead, they did not  
know.

One morning about the middle of Sep-  
tember, they were walking along the  
King's Road, at Brighton, whither they  
had gone for their annual holiday. Rog-  
er entered a shop to purchase something,  
and John stood outside, looking dreami-

ly at the passers-by. Suddenly he started  
and advanced a step, as a lady in an in-  
vade chair was wheeled by. Glancing  
to look up, she met his glance with a  
smile of recognition.

"Mr. Gouray, it surely is, it must be  
you. I am so glad to see you."

"And to meet you," John said, with a  
courteous bow. "I have not the pleas-  
ure of knowing you."

"My name—Am Alice Russe, sir,"  
she said tranquilly.

At that moment Roger appeared. For  
an instant the good-forsook his ruddy  
face, while a not crimson flush rose to  
Alice's pale cheeks as she tried to stam-  
mer out some words of greeting. Roger  
was no less confused, and the expression  
of both faces was a revelation to John  
Gouray. He felt as if the world had  
suddenly crumbled away from him, and he  
was left solitary in some unknown space.  
But there was nothing of that in his  
voice as he asked Alice for her address,  
and permission to call upon her in the  
afternoon; then taking his brother by  
the arm he led him away, and they con-  
tinued their walk without exchanging a  
single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss  
Russe's home, and in a few moments he  
found himself seated beside her in a  
pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the  
subject at once, "do you remember a  
conversation you had with my brother a  
long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gouray," she  
replied, sadly.

"I made a request for me then which  
it was not in your power to grant; I am  
come to make a similar one for him now.  
Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved  
you all these long, weary years, though  
you will at least be true. I did not know  
it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, sorry.

"You care about him? you will make  
him happy, even at this late hour? Tell  
me Alice, that you love my brother?"

"Yes, Mr. Gouray, I do. Why should  
I deny it? I have loved him always,  
though I did not know that he cared  
about me; and if the little lie that is  
left me can make him happier, I will de-  
vise it to him gladly, proudly—poor  
Roger. You see I am too old for pretences,  
Mr. Gouray, and I fear I am dying;  
therefore I tell you."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live  
many years yet, I hope, to make my bro-  
ther happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted  
Roger. Let me send him to you now;  
and Alice, for my own long affection's  
sake, make him happy. He deserves it,  
and that is the only way I can ever help  
to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice said, simply; "I  
cannot do any more."

In their lodgings John Gouray found  
his brother pacing restlessly up and  
down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and  
pretences," he said, laying both hands on  
his shoulders; "you, faithful friend, go to  
her; she loves you, she is waiting for  
you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suf-  
fered!"

"Now we all have suffered! but it's  
nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain,  
regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger,  
dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? say rather, will  
you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured,  
as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now,  
Roger, go to her, she is waiting for you.  
She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good-  
bye, and may you both be happy?"

Late that evening, when Roger Gour-  
ay returned home, in or deep, quiet  
gloom, he found his brother sitting in  
an easy-chair near the window, appear-  
ing pale. The full moon shone down on  
his pale face, and showed a smile on his  
lips; his hands were clasped on an open  
book that rested on his knee. The atti-  
tude was life-like, but the very first  
glance Roger felt that his brother was  
dead. The doctors said he had died of  
disease of the heart. Perhaps they were  
right. More people die of that madly  
than the world knows of.

## What Eyes Are For.

The saying that the faculty of speech  
was given to man that they might conceal  
their thoughts is evidenced by a reply  
attributed to the Cavalier Bunsen. He  
was present with Bishop Doan and  
others at a "clairvoyant seance."  
The Bishop, amazed at the performance  
which, of course, he could not explain,  
exclaimed, "What, then, were our eyes  
given us for?" Bunsen immediately re-  
plied, "To limit our vision." This  
certainly is a clever paradox. The sig-  
nificant truth it expresses is confirmed  
in every observing man's experience.  
The joyful and sanguine and curious  
see wonders generally, and can give the  
exact dimensions, capacity and style of  
"castles in the air." But when actual  
sight and experience are appealed to,  
the airy vision is limited, and circum-  
scribed by stubborn facts. All our  
lives are spent in dreaming and the  
sight in dreams is far-reaching and mag-  
nifying. Bring the theories of philosophers  
and discoverers—the scope of their  
imagined vistas—down to the test;  
that seeing is believing, and then they  
frequently find the things they think  
they see are not dissolving views. In  
the political field the "far-seeing" poli-  
ticians are preparing themselves for an  
illustration of Bunsen's definition. Al-  
see; but, since I do not see Alice, there  
must be many cases of color blindness,  
and the roseate line, in the actual light  
of events, will prove itself somber  
to ninety and nine. If our eyes are given  
us to limit our vision, those are wise  
who make the limit include what they  
actually know, and never overlook the  
present and practical in trying to peer  
beyond.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Suicide in France.

The most recently published figures  
show that suicide is on the increase in  
France. Before the Franco-German  
war the average number of suicides  
only slightly exceeded 3,000 a year, and  
now they exceed 5,000. In Paris there  
are three times as many suicides com-  
mitted as in the country. Most of the  
men who destroy themselves are bachel-  
ors. The spring is the time of year  
when suicides are most frequent, and clearly  
yearning is more usually resorted to  
than any other mode of self-destruction,  
being considered more expeditious.

The long day dyes with sunset down the west;  
Comes the young moon through violet fields  
of air;  
A fragrance finer than the south winds bear  
Breathes from the sea—the time is come for  
rest.

I wait. Birds nestward fly through deepening  
blue.  
O heart! Take comfort, peace will find  
thee, too.  
For lo! between the lights, when shadows  
wane,  
Heart calls to heart across the widening  
breach  
O bitter thought, chill touch and jarring  
spell!  
And love cries out to take his own again.

Give me the kiss of peace.  
Hold not your anger after the spent sun.  
Lo! I have wrought with sorrow all the  
day.  
With tear-wet cypress, and with bitter bay  
Bound all my cords. No threat of song has  
ruled.

Beside my thought to lighten it for me.  
Rise up and with forgiveness set me free.  
For who may boast a gift of lengthened breath?

And, 'till you watch to-morrow's sun arise  
Across my face, new touched with sudden  
death  
And the mute pathos of unanswering eyes?  
Turn not aside my hand outstretched, nor  
smite.

The yearning heart. Let Love's repentance  
found  
Have Love's reward. All life is mixed with  
fate.  
Ah, oh, beloved! Death's angel will not wait  
For summoned feet to haste on anxious  
round.  
With quick "Forgive, forgive, we pass to-  
night!"  
All day regret has walked and talked with me,  
And lest to-morrow it should go with thee,  
Give me the kiss of peace.

Julia C. Marsh

## DANCED WITH A SKELETON.

The Horror That Startled Ball-Room Revel-  
ers—Feigning Insanity to Get Out of the  
Army—Growing Like a Rooster and Ar-  
resting His Superior Officers at Midnight.  
[New York Mercury.]

In the spring of 1878 George Francis  
Hochstein, thirty-two years of age, a na-  
tive of Brunswick, North Germany, land-  
ed at Castle Garden in company with  
two young rich men from his native town.  
They were a well-provided with funds.  
A three-act Germany to avoid military  
service. All were the sons of people in  
good circumstances. Hochstein alone  
remained in New York, the others going  
immediately to Chicago. Hochstein af-  
ter bidding good-bye to his friends, took  
his baggage to a hotel in the Bowery.  
He was immediately an object of atten-  
tion to some of his countrymen, who  
were always on the lookout for "green-  
horns." The real object being to robe the  
unsophisticated stranger into one of those  
dens.

COMMONLY CALLED "SKIN GAMES."

Hochstein visited the Atlantic Garden  
the first night after his arrival. In Amer-  
ica, and was delighted with the beer, the  
music, the ladies' orchestra, and finally  
with the unusual liberality of two young  
countrymen, who paid for his whole en-  
tertainment, compelling him to put his  
money back in his pocket. No won-  
der his heart opened to such good fel-  
lows. When they proposed to show him  
the American elephant he was more de-  
lighted than ever. Just where his new  
friends took him, or how it happened  
that he "copied the ten spot," can't  
matter now. He woke up next morning  
with a headache, and only 6 cents left  
out of \$1.20. Hochstein took his trou-  
ble to his landlord, but the only sym-  
paty he got was being called a "Dutch  
fool."

IT WAS A ROUGH BEGINNING

for a fortune in America. Meeting one  
of his fellow-passengers in the street,  
Hochstein borrowed a dollar from him.  
This gave him food for two days, during  
which time he tried hard to get some-  
thing to do. He could find nothing.  
The third day, by the advice of another  
countryman, he enlisted as a common  
soldier for five years in Uncle Sam's  
service. The enlistment was made under  
an assumed name, Hochstein being too  
much ashamed of what had befallen him  
to let his family know anything of it.

THIRTEEN RECRUITS

of whom Hochstein was one, were sent  
to help swell the ranks of the Eleventh  
Infantry, four companies of which regim-  
ent form the garrison at Fort Sully, Da-  
kota Territory. The life of a soldier be-  
came intolerably dull, and irksome to  
Hochstein. He was a very homesick  
Deserter was almost impossible, and a  
discharge in his case was hopeless. A  
savior of plans to get released from  
service, he says, were discussed by the men.  
Insanity was the only dodge possible,  
and that hazardous, even dangerous.

"For more than a month," said Hoch-  
stein, "I was considering day and night  
how to fool them into believing me really  
insane. (The trouble I feared was the  
soldiers. They really knew I was sane  
enough, and I tried to pay off any of  
my friends they might give me away."

BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT,  
Private Hochstein, gun in hand, invaded  
the officers' quarters and endeavored to  
put them all under arrest. For this first  
display of insanity, Hochstein was kept  
in the guard-house for a month, the last  
surgeon certifying the prisoner not in-  
sane, but vicious. At the end of his con-  
finement, Hochstein was put back on  
duty, and warned not to try insanity  
again unless he was anxious for some-  
thing worse than the guard house.

"But I knew I was insane," said Hoch-  
stein; "the only trouble was to make them  
believe it. Of course, I was not sane af-  
ter you one trial. I tried it again."

This time Hochstein climbed up on  
the roof of a building and astonished  
the officer of the day by suddenly y crowd-  
ing loudly. This feat soon brought the  
whole garrison out to see what was the  
matter. The officer ordered Hochstein  
to come down, but he refused. He was  
the cock that must crow three times to  
warn St. Peter that he was telling a lie,  
he said. This was only his first crow,  
and it would take two hours to finish,  
and make Peter a liar. The officer or-  
dered some men to bring him down, but  
before they could do so, he crowed twice  
more, and announced his mission of cock-  
crowing ended. St. Peter could do so,  
as many stories as he pleased, but after this  
Go home, Wood or some one in command,  
would have to do the crowing whenever  
Peter didn't tell the truth.

THIS CAPER COST

Hochstein another month in the guard-  
house. He played his part as well as he  
could, copying the Post Surgeon would  
finally pronounce him insane and order

him to be sent to the Asylum at Wash-  
ington. That would insure his discharge  
from the army. But the Surgeon was  
still sceptical.

"During this last time in the guard-  
house," said Hochstein, "I got desperate  
and determined to do something differ-  
ent. My insanity was a failure, and I  
had to think of something horrible to do  
or they would only keep me locked up  
in the guard-house." When at liberty  
again Hochstein waited patiently for his  
opportunity, and when it came he pro-  
mptly improved it.

There happened to be a number of  
ladies in the fort at this time, officers'  
wives and others. This was Hochstein's  
opportunity to put a climax to his in-  
sane dodge. Just when the company was  
in full enjoyment, and the dancing  
was fairly inspiring, came a horrible in-  
terruption. In among the dancers strode  
Private Hochstein, fantastically rigged  
out, and carrying in his arms his partner,  
a skeleton. "We are a little late," he  
said. "I had to wait for my partner, but  
well, make up for lost time; won't we  
my dear?" addressing the skeleton.

THERE WAS INSTANT COMOTION.

Two or three ladies fainted, others  
screamed with horror and fright. The  
music stopped. Hochstein and his skele-  
ton were thrust out, the man him-  
self put in the guard-house. There was no  
doubt now about his insanity. Some of  
the officers of that party will not soon  
forget the terrible fright he gave them.  
Hochstein was specially sent to the asy-  
lum at Washington, as a dangerous un-  
stable. From that institution he soon af-  
ter received his discharge from the service.  
"I had trouble with a skeleton," said  
Hochstein. "I had to go to a cemetery to  
get it. It was no easy job, and a good  
grave suitable. Then it took much work  
to tie it together so it would play the  
part at all. But that last trick was quite  
enough. They sent me to Washington,  
saying mine was the worst case of insanity  
they had ever seen."

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is quite common, and some would  
think it fashionable, to cry out against  
circumstantial evidence; while the fac-  
ts—and a fact not to be disputed—dis-  
prove evidence is more reliable.

Circumstances do not lie; they are  
rusty: you are as far as they go, and the on-  
ly thing required to render the evidence  
indisputable is, that no line in the chain  
shall be lacking.

Be sure there is liability to error,  
but it is not through a danger that the cir-  
cumstances may prove treacherous, but  
that a witness may be mistaken in his  
direct evidence or testimony. A sure-  
ly and truly, his direct testimony—the  
recounting of what a man has him-  
self seen or heard—is always to be accepted  
with caution; and it is not unrecurrently  
proves that such testimony, given in  
the most good faith, proves false and  
treacherous.

Let me tell you a story to illustrate  
what I mean. It transpired about  
twenty years ago, on the shores of the  
Hudson.

A young lady—I forget the name  
but we will supply fictitious—Mary  
Adams was missed from her home. Her  
disappearance caused intense excitement,  
and the excitement ran wild when it was  
at length announced that she had been  
murdered. Her body had been found on  
the shores of a tributary of the Hudson  
River, with bruises upon her head, which  
gave ample evidence that her death had  
been a violent one.

Such bruises might have been gained  
by falling upon the rocks above the spot  
where the remains were found, but there  
were other circumstances that pointed in  
another and more ghastly direction.

A young man named William Cay-  
pole was arrested under accusation of  
the murder of Mary Adams. A prelimi-  
nary examination before a justice of the  
peace sufficient evidence to bind him over to  
a year before a jury. Caypole had  
waited upon Miss Adams for a year or  
more, and during the two or three  
months past their intercourse had not  
been of the happiest kind.

She was proved to be gay and laugh-  
ing, with a light, volatile disposition,  
a heart warm and impulsive, and im-  
patient of restraint. Caypole, it appeared,  
had been exceedingly jealous and exas-  
perated; prone to fault-finding, and ready to  
make his affianced miserable and fearful;  
if she dared to look smilingly upon another  
man.

It was proved by several witnesses that  
Caypole had threatened Miss Adams  
with terrible vengeance if she ever caught  
her doing certain trifling things again;  
and a man of the town—a man respecta-  
ble and reliable—had seen the twain to-  
gether in angry discussion on the very  
night of the murder.

He was seen on his way home on foot,  
and was being escorted along the river's  
bank not a hundred yards from where  
the dead body had been found. He had  
heard Caypole use language of terrible  
significance, and one sentence, spoken  
loudly and distinctly, he could repeat  
word for word and swear to it.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and  
he had gained but a short distance from  
the angry pair when he saw the man  
grasp the girl by the arm and fiercely  
exclaim:

"But rather sit, you and throw your  
body into this cold pool than live un-  
der such torment as you've made me  
suffer for the last few weeks. Beware! I  
tell you, woman, I am desperate!"

Thus the man swore most positively.  
He remembered the circumstances and  
the exact date, and that was on the eve-  
ning of which Mary had left her home not  
to return. William Caypole was com-  
mitted for trial, and in due time he was  
brought before the jury.

Anything the evidence before the  
jury was more conclusive than had been  
the preliminary evidence. There was  
more of it, and it all pointed directly to  
the accused. In fact, if Mary Adams had  
been killed, it was an absolute impossi-  
bility that any one else could have done  
it. That she could have killed herself  
was a proposition not to be entertained.

William Caypole told his story. Most  
of the evidence he acknowledged true.  
He had been exceedingly jealous, and  
he had threatened the girl, and though  
he could not clearly remember all that  
he might have said under the influence  
of strong passion, yet he would not deny  
that the man who had reported his last  
terrible speech upon the river bank and  
reported correctly.

He said he had been there with Mary

that evening, and he remembered that  
he saw her witness on the road. After  
seeing witness he spoke the angry, im-  
pulsive words to Mary. He could only  
swear to the simple fact that very shortly  
after using the language just presented  
he had become started by his own  
fierce passions, and made her go to her  
room, telling her that he would  
never see her again. With that she  
had left him, and he knew no more.

Caypole's story bore the stamp of  
truth in everything save the bearing upon  
it of the facts already stated. Every-  
body was sorry. Nobody believed that  
William Caypole ever nourished murder  
in his heart. He had been but the crea-  
ture of a momentary impulse.

Yet the evidence was all against him—  
all, all—and not a point whereon to  
hang a doubt, and he was found guilty  
of murder.

One bright, pleasant day, while Wil-  
liam Caypole lay crushed and broken  
in his cell, and while the people  
sighed their heads in sorrow that one so  
young and promising should meet so ter-  
rible a fate—on such a day Mary Adams  
appeared before the jailer and demanded  
to see the prisoner who had been accus-  
ed of her murder.

The jailer came next to fainting with  
superstition's terror; but, by-and-by, the  
applicant succeeded in convincing him  
that she was a thing of flesh and blood,  
like other women, and he admitted her  
to the prison. We need not describe the  
scene that followed the meeting of the  
lovers. In some respects it was sacred.  
In due time the custodians of judicial  
power and authority came to the pris-  
on, where they listened to a new revela-  
tion.

Mary Adams was not dead at all. The  
story which her lover had told was true.  
On that night of the quarrel, fearing that  
he might do some rash thing and really  
desirous, for the time, of getting out of  
the way and beyond his knowledge, she  
returned secretly to her house, where she  
made up a small bundle of necessary  
clothing, and then unknown to any one,  
she crept away, and before morning she  
was beyond the possibility of reach or  
recognition.

Having found a new home in a far-  
away mountainous region, she had not  
seen any newspaper until she had been  
several weeks in her new home. She  
read the account of her own death, and of  
the arrest of her old lover for her murder,  
with astonishment, and now she had  
come to set matters right.

As fortune would have it, on the very  
day of Miss Adams' return, an officer  
from an insane asylum appeared in search  
of an escaped patient, whom, after weeks  
of labor, he had succeeded in tracing in  
that direction. He saw the garments  
that had been taken from the body of  
the dead woman, and recognized  
them at once as having belonged to his  
patient.

The initials, "M. A.," which had been  
supposed to stand for Mary Adams, were  
really meant to represent "Morton  
Adams." The officer saw Miss  
Adams, and declared that he had met  
her on the highway, and in a crowded  
conveyance, he should certainly have  
arrested her. Her resemblance to the  
patient he had sought was wonderful.

And so the truth was known at last.  
By a fortunate revolution of the wheel  
light came to Mary Adams, and her re-  
appearance upon the scene came with  
saving power to William Caypole.

The lovers went away from the prison  
together, and certain we have very just  
ground for the belief that the ordeal  
through which they had passed had been  
sufficient in its terrible experience to  
lead and sustain them in the only safe  
and peaceful way of life—the way of  
trustful love and wise forbearance.

"Behold from this," cries one, "the  
danger of relying upon circumstantial  
evidence."

But we beg that one's pardon. The  
circumstances did not lie; it was the di-  
rect testimony that proved false, as is  
very often apt to be the case.—Exchange.


## Clashed by a Water-Spout.

William E. Malcomb, who not long  
ago was a passenger on a steamer of the  
Pacific Mail Company, tells of an  
exciting experience while the ship was  
off the coast of Guatemala. A water-  
spout of tremendous power suddenly  
appeared near the ship. In the midst  
of the consternation the Captain or-  
dered his course reversed, and soon the  
steamer was driving along, with the wa-  
ter-spout in pursuit. Its crest was hid-  
den in a dark mass of cloud, its base  
seeming to operate like an immense re-  
volving colander, while the entire ex-  
ternal periphery formed a cushion of  
foam, over which the sea birds screamed  
occasionally, seizing upon the dead fish,  
which came within reach. The spout  
itself formed a sort of spiral cylinder,  
streathed with opaque parasite. Lines  
through its whole length, from the sur-  
face of the sea upward. These lines  
were evidently ascending columns of  
water, for afterward, when the upper  
and lower sections became detached,  
the accumulated volume of water over-  
head immediately began its descent  
within the body of the spout, as though  
it had been the valve of an immense  
syringe. The water thus released must  
have been equal to several tons, as it  
was solid and almost black and re-  
turned to the sea with a loud roar, the  
other parts of the aerial structure  
gradually dissipating. Perhaps the  
most singular of all was the serpentine  
form assumed by the section nearest  
the clouds, which moved off at first al-  
most horizontally and then turned up-  
ward in a perfect coil, so that for a mo-  
ment, when the end of the aqueous  
rope or whatever it was—swirled  
around squarely to the eye of the ob-  
server, showing a section, it resembled  
a ball of lint. When the spout was in  
its finest condition lightning several  
times flew through the penumbral in  
zig-zag courses, making a spectacle not  
only terrible in the manifestation of  
power, but sublime and beautiful.—  
Philadelphia Times.

WHERE farmers and mechanics inter-  
marry, says C. C. Coor in the *Christ-  
ian Union*, in the old way, as the wis-  
er ones continually do, keeping up an in-  
timacy with the soil and an inter-  
change of employments and imple-  
ments through the garden, farm and  
workshop, mutations of fortune find  
them versatile, and as ready to fall upon  
their feet with every change of ad-  
airs as a cat.



[illegible]

2d lines are never subject to snow blockades but  
 every day in the year. For full information ad-  
 dress THOS. L. HAMBALL, G.P. & I. Agent,  
 Omaha, Nebraska, or T. H. RUSSELL, Pass Agent,  
 Woodward P. R.  
 -----  
**Chrome Cards (perfect beauties)** with  
 name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. **TURNER CARD CO.**  
 Lowell, Mass.  
 -----  
**C. E. BEAL,**  
 DEALER IN  
  
 Firearms, Ammunition,  
 Fishing Tackle, &c.  
 105 N. W. 1st St. St. Louis,  
 Mo.  
 Particular attention given to Repairing.  
 Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.  
 105 N. W. 1st St., ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 -----

B SWARCK, D. T.  
 30 HERRING & WALTON.  
 1871, 1872 and 1873.  
 Orders for the City Hack left at the office on  
 North Street. 1154  
 THOS. BROWN & SON, 1871,  
 THE LARGEST  
**TAILORING**  
 ESTABLISHMENT  
 in the Northwest.  
 Importers and Jobbers of

1933  
1934  
1935

**82 Jackson St.,**  
St. Paul, Minn.—9yl

**Plow Works.**

Ferguson W B Jackson, Jr.  
1 President Secy and Treas.  
ESTABLISHED 1869

**Plow Works**  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,


Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows,  
Tractors Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn  
Shellers, Road Scrapers, etc. The **PERFECT**  
**SLIP FLOW.** This Sulky Plow contains some  
of the latest and improvements which none others  
have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable  
beam

ESTABLISHED 1860.



**— E A C T O R P L O W**  
nt Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double  
Skin—Solid Steel

**Vector S. C. Race,**



Light, Strong, Durable—Tooth Adjustable—Easy to  
Cut—Takes Clean—Sold for Years—No

**C - VEGE .**  
**BIG MARCUS D. T.**  
**NEW BAKERY.**  
**CAKES, BREADS, PASTRIES,**  
**Confectionery, &c.**  
 Made Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to  
 all parts of the City.



